By suffering the anguish and torment uncomplainingly, she lets her husband understand of what stuff she is made, and thus brings about a change of heart in him,

Maggie, as she paces on the terrace, knows that her husband had not spoken to Charlotte about Maggie's knowledge of their betrayal. She feels happy at the thought that sh* and her husband are now one in their knowledge of Charlotte's ignorance. "They were together, he and she, close together - whereas Charlotte, though rising there radiantly before her, was really off in some darkness of space that would steep her in solitude and harass her with care. The heart of the princess swelled, accordingly, even in her abasement..."[51] Charlotte, presently, emerges on to the terrace, and is brazen enough to put on an air of injured innocence and enquire about her wrongs to Maggie. Charlotte represents an order of evil which is softly deadly, brilliantly false, and ruthlessly diabolical. In the garden episode in which Charlotte accuses Maggie of trying to alienate her husband from her. Charlotte assumes the role of a wronged wife. Maggie swallows the accusation silently because her moral nature has risen to a point from where it can regard evil with patient understanding and compassionate acceptance. It is the nature of evil to be aggressive, to be loud-mouthed and pretentious, and nothing is gained by opposing and contradicting it. Maggie pities Charlotte, for she sees the hand of evil too active in the life of a woman, who is otherwise charming and efficient. The Prince calls Charlotte "stupid" because of her incapacity to understand the moral growth in Maggie. It is, indeed, true that Maggie bears everything "for love," and thus demonstrates the redemptive power of love. By her love for her husband, love for her father, and understanding love for Charlotte, Maggie saves their lives from ruin and disintegration.

Maggie, through a suffering awareness, brings about in herself, as in others, those recognitions of selfhood which enact the

final
epiphany of love. Hitherto, love had been partial, retrenched of the
complex vitalities of life. Love had been wedded too closely to
. crisp, unilateral definitions of loyalty, fidelity, filial and social obliga-
tion. It had been invested with an exclusive existence of its own, and
cut off from other circuits of life, and it was unmindful of others, of
other sensations and other possibilities. Maggie breaks down the
dykes on which love had dammed up the free, forthgoing current of
life, and lots fife and love melt and flow into each other, forming